

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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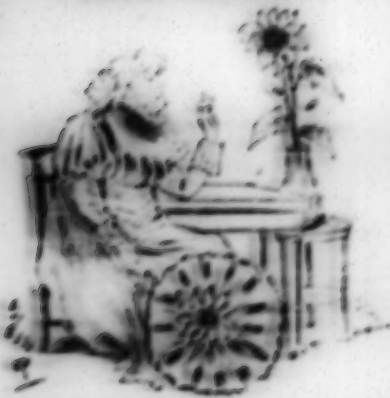
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LILLY POST.

At the Theatres.



"Stale, flat and unprofitable," was the verdict passed by the audience at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Monday night upon *The Colonel*. When this piece was first acted here, some three years ago, with Lester Wallack in the cast, it was pronounced unimpeachable, and the engagement at the old Park Theatre was a failure. Then the authentic czar, which the play is intended to outdo, was at its height. Now, along with Oscar Wilde and the rest of the crowd who sought to disseminate the captures of "Jana" and the beauties of "decay," it is a lack-luster. *The Colonel*, if it ever had any purpose or any right whatever to exist, can claim the privilege no longer. Why Mr. Eric Bayley, at this late day, resorts to a revival of Mr. Burnand's stupid farce is an great a mystery as why Mr. Bayley projects himself upon the public as an actor, or why he engages in the (to him) unprofitable folly of managing a combination.

On Monday night the spectators sat in solemn silence while the three acts of the revamped *Serious Family* were given. Not a single hearty laugh disturbed the funeral stillness of the auditorium. The actors proceeded with their duties as if they were fully alive to the mortification of the occasion, and when the curtain fell on the final tableau there was a general sigh of relief and a unanimous rush for the street. We do not remember having witnessed a duller performance in all our varied experience. Mr. Bayley demonstrated his incapacity as Colonel Wood, the American who exposes the frauds that, in the name of authenticity, are preying upon the female members of the Forrester household. Mr. Bayley is an indolgent, inconsequential individual with a very mushy utterance and an awkward gait. The part calls for ease combined with firmness. The Colonel should be the commanding figure of the piece, the master of every situation. Mr. Bayley, whose attempts at acting would do no credit to a third rate amateur, was utterly unable to fulfill these requirements. He wearied the audience and they were truly thankful for the brief intervals during which he was absent from the stage. Walter Reynolds played Mr. Forrester very well. He is an intelligent, conscientious actor, and although the character is a purely negative one, he was by far the most satisfactory feature of the male department of the cast. Rowland Buckstone, a son of the famous English comedian, was the Landlord Snythe. He was clearly out of his line, his performance never rising above the level of conventionalism. Cyril Maude was shrewdly conspicuous as the other husband, Basil Gingham. The restaurateur, Romelli, was made a most character bit by Reginald Martin, whose broken accent was well-nigh perfect. Florence Gerald acted Mrs. Blyth in a sprightly manner, but the performance had an element of coarseness not altogether palatable. Carrie Turner, as Olive, invested the role with the requisite diaphanous characteristics. Maria Davis was acceptable as the mother-in-law, Lady Tompkins, and Hattie Tilton infused some playfulness into the mischievous Nellie.

The Colonel was very shabbily staged. If Mr. Bayley has another piece ready we advise him to trot it out on Monday next to try and pull up the last week of his engagement in something like respectable style.

The revival of *French Flats* at the Union Square Theatre on Saturday night was in every respect successful. The extravagant fun of Mr. Casarini's adaptation was productive of hearty enjoyment, and the company, equally at home in farcical comedy as in hard melodrama, acted it throughout in a very spirited manner. The house was filled and the laughter and applause which followed the performance reminded us of the production of this piece under the old regime five years ago, when it enjoyed a highly prosperous run.

French Flats is just the sort of entertainment that satisfies the present public demand. It is as absurd as *Confusion* and as comically ingenious as *The Private Secretary*. The witticisms of M. Bondeau in conducting his apartment house and looking after the affairs of his tenants form funny basis on which to build up ludicrous situations and from which to invent laughable complications. The audience found irresistible enjoyment in the tenor, the lawyer, the hippo centaur and the flighty harness. They renewed acquaintance with the piece as if it had never been acted before. The revival is a happy expedient, and there is little likelihood that Messrs. Shook and Collier will find it necessary to change the bill for some weeks.

In several instances the cast differs from

that of the original presentation. *The dory* Marquis de Barrameda, formerly acted by Harry Courtois, is now assumed by Joseph Whiting, and capably assumed, too. Mr. Whiting's forte is comedy. He should never be assigned serious duties. The poetical lawyer's clerk, Billie, gave Mr. Mason no chance to distinguish himself. This young man came from the Boston Museum with high endorsement. He has not yet had a fair opportunity at the Square to show his metal, so we are unable to decide whether the favor he received from the press and public of the Hub was judiciously bestowed. J. B. Poff, specially engaged to act his old part of the tenor, Richard, was kindly welcomed back to the scene of his old achievements, and his clever personation received warm recognition. The vanity, capriciousness and amatory bent of the typical operatic artist were skilfully and amusingly expressed. Mr. Swarth as Bonar, the lawyer, was, as usual, dryly funny, and Mr. Parfette made the blunders and perplexities of Bondeau diverting. Miss Harrison was chic and charming as Anna, and Miss Jewett discredited her lugubrious mien and whining utterance so as to give some vivacity to the role of the lively Harpura. The play was mounted with the care characterizing all the productions of this theatre.

A comedy-drama, called *John Logan*, the Silent Man, was brought out at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. It is by Joaquin Miller, and Frank Evans tried his luck with it not long ago down South. There was a small house present, and the performance proved to be dreary. The scene is laid in the West. Some pioneer settlers have trouble with a wealthy landowner, Pierre Calvine, who has bought rights to the soil from the Government. Visiting the cottage of Colonel Jackson, a Southern gentleman, who has been ruined by drink, Calvine is impressed with the beauty of Carrie, the Colonel's niece, who, with her brother, is heir to the old man's property. The settlers, because Calvine seeks to eject them from their homes, determine to make short work of him; but John Logan, a half-breed, who loves and is loved by Carrie, refuses to be a party to the transaction and saves the landowner from lynching, although the object of this protection was the cause of his mother's death. After four acts, which are replete with romantic and sensational episodes, the Silent Man gets his girl, and everything prospers for virtue after the approved fashion. The play did not find favor with the small body of spectators.

Frank Evans did some effective acting as Logan, and Frank Mordant was amusing as the Southern Colonel. Mollie Revel played Carrie—a sort of M'line—excellently, and the rest of the company struggled heroically under the disadvantage of bad parts. Next week John A. Stevens will play an engagement at this house in *Unknown*. Mr. Rankin is engaging a permanent stock company; it will be seen shortly in a new melodrama.

Orpheus and Eurydice was given at the Grand Opera House to a large gathering on Monday. Vassini, Daisy Murdoch and the other fair and frisky members of the troupe were well received. Harry Davenport played Pluto better than his predecessor. Although quite young, he possesses comedy merit in a large degree. Harry Pepper sang the music of Orpheus sweetly. Louis de Lange did not get much fun out of the part of Jupiter. The chorus was large and collectively comely. As a mixed burlesque and leg-show Orpheus is still one of the best before the public. For next week the Wallack company is announced in *Moths*.

The Galley Slave drew an immense audience Monday evening to the People's. The popularity of the play with the public is by no means diminished, and Mr. Campbell, the author and manager, is likely to make more money with it than with *Separation*, which is shelved for the present. After the fourth act all the principals were called before the curtain. Nelson Wheatcroft acted Sydney Northcott with fierce effect. He was earnest, careful and dramatic. Mr. Burns played his old part, Franklin Fitts, to the delight of the house. Ellie Wilton as Cicely and Lilla Vane as Francesca afforded pleasure by their well-directed efforts. The piece will have a prosperous week. On Monday *The Blue and Grey* will be given by Shook and Collier's company.

Tony Pastor's Theatre was packed Monday night, and the manager and Treasurer Harry Sanderson were both made to feel that after all there's no place like home. Mr. Pastor's entertainment is as necessary a feature of the Metropolis as the post-office. When the stage is crowded with trash, the streets with tiresome processions and the newspapers with political filth, it is refreshing to again enjoy the privilege of putting in an evening at the cosy little theatre in Fourteenth street, where novelty and mirth are always served up, richly flavored with that variety which is the spice of life. After its travels the specialty troupe was warmly welcomed back, and every feature of the long programme was observed with zestful pleasure. It began with Le Clair and Russell in a farce which permitted the former to assume several female characters, which he did with remarkable fidelity to nature. Then Myra Goodwin sang and danced in an aesthetic

given of red. Miss Goodwin's singing is not her strong point—but she dances delightfully, and this part of her "turn" was applauded. The *Romello*, a clever pair, did their sketch in black and white, which includes an irresistibly funny imitation of a real Irish girl, a burlesque on Bernhardt and some clever eccentric dancing. Little Elliot's wonderful shipwreck dance evoked applause. Tony Pastor delivered himself of a length budget of ditties in his own characteristic manner. His interrogative song, with the response, "Not much," shouted by the musicians in the orchestra, made a great hit. Little Western played a number of musical instruments with considerable skill. Hilda Thomas, the new balladist from Chicago, if we mistake not, was heard some years ago at Mr. Pastor's old theatre on Broadway. She has a voice of sweet quality and fair cultivation, but she spoiled some simple ballads by embellishing them with affected and exaggerated expression. However, Miss Thomas is pretty and her merits are better beyond comparison than the majority of vocalists heard in specialty theatres; so she is likely to become a favorite. The Carverthornes did a comic Dutch and Irish sketch so well that the house was convulsed most of the time that they were on the stage; Bonner and Leroux performed some remarkable feats on double horizontal bars, and Ella Wesner gave her clever male impersonations. Hallen, of Hallen and Hart, is a neat comedian, but his partner is noisy and obtrusive. The bill ended with a laughable afterpiece called *Hush's Bad Boys*. Next week there will be an entire change of programme, the Howard Athenaeum company having been engaged by Mr. Pastor.

The remarkable receipts of *The Private Secretary* at the Madison Square Theatre continue undiminished. The piece is the greatest success this successful theatre has enjoyed, and its run will unquestionably be a long one. Mr. Le Moyne is first favorite with the audience and Mr. Thornton takes second place. But a cast of such even excellence as that engaged in presenting this piece makes it somewhat difficult to award individual praise.

The last nights of *Nita's First* are approaching. The farcical comedy has not awakened much interest and the houses have been far from good. But visitors nevertheless find food for enjoyment in the clever acting of several members of the company. There seems to be a mystery regarding the play that is to follow. *London Assurance* is in rehearsal, but there is talk of producing instead a new play by Henry Guy Carlton, of *Life*, which has just been accepted. Another piece is also under discussion. Election times evidently confuse the managerial mind and render decisive policy difficult.

Adonis at the Bijou maintains its popularity steadily. With the Madison Square and Comique it enjoys the best business of anything in town. The management believed receipts would diminish just before election, but these fears were groundless, inasmuch as the houses are this week as large as at any previous time during the run. Mr. Diery has added some more funniness, but he has dropped the caricature of the Marquis de Leuville as he found people were not so familiar with the original as he had imagined, and the personation therefore met with very little appreciation.

More novelties have been introduced by Poole and Gilmore into *The Seven Ravens*. The DeComa Brothers, aerial bicyclists; Le Clair, a wonderful juggler and equilibrist, and Geyer and Delhauser, in a comic specialty, add to the enjoyment of this splendid spectacle. As other arrangements have been made, *The Ravens* will be continued but one week longer.

Investigation will probably be the Comique's trump card for a long time yet. The houses have been something phenomenal. Even at the matinees there are few empty seats in the theatre. Mr. Harrigan's *DeVry Flynn* is deliciously humorous, and Mr. Hart's Bernard McKenna is likewise productive of enjoyment. Mrs. Yeamans contributes greatly to the success of the piece. There are few low comedians of the opposite sex who can excel her in comic facial expression. Everybody in the investigation cast is clever in his or her way, and a more pleasurable performance has not been presented to our public.

The second week of *Shipped by the Light of the Moon* is a repetition of the first, so far as large and laughing audiences are concerned. Harrison and Goulay will continue to give their irresistible impersonations of the flitting hotel clerks. Then Fanny Davenport will be seen again at this theatre in her great role, *Fedora*. For this event Manager Colville is making extensive preparations.

At the Eden Musee the attendance is large. The collection now embraces a large number of plastic works which will repay inspection. Thaumia, the English illusion, is an endless source of mystery to visitors, many of whom advance wild theories as to the manner in which the startling effect is produced.

Marcus Meyer will probably bring Florence St. John, the leading opera bouffe artiste in London, to this country.

The Musical Mirror.



The Milan Opera company at the Star Theatre has met with a larger degree of patronage than was supposed possible for the popular-price hunting. The houses have been large at some performances and in all cases good. The principal artists have met with a recognition to which their merits entitle them, and the representations have been admired for their evenness and general excellence. It is the equal care in casting all the roles that makes this troupe unique, and its strength is largely due to the admirable ensemble. What promises to be a risky experiment has turned out a decided success, and we congratulate the management upon its pluck and the public upon its generous appreciation.

On Wednesday night of last week *Il Trovatore* was sung. Signora Peri made herself a favorite at once by her admirable singing and good acting in the role of Leonora, and Signor Giannini heightened the effect he had already created by his admirable rendering of Manrico. On Friday *Rigoletto* was given, Giannini making another success in the title role and Peri winning honors as Gilda. Faust, the matinee bill, drew a crowd and the performance met with favor. Monday night *Ernani* was sung and Tuesday *Norma*. This last opera taxed the resources of the company, but they were equal to the heavy requirements of the piece. Signora Damerini as Norma acquitted herself of her trying duties excellently. *Il Gecomay*—which was to have been done to night—has been postponed and *Aida* substituted.

The Grand Duchess was announced for performance at the Park Theatre last evening. The early hour at which *The Mirror* goes to press precludes notice until next week. Preparations of an extensive nature have been made in the matter of costumes (a customer being interested financially in the undertakings), and a cast which contains some names favorably connected with comic opera has been arranged.

The Beggar Student will give place next Monday at the Casino to Nell Gwynne.—At Koster and Bial's a good musical bill is offered. But Marie Loftus, the serio-comic star who participates in the entertainment, is coarse and therefore ill-attended with the rest of the performance. The attendance has been large.

London Gossip.

LONDON, OCT. 15.
"The Playgoers' Club," in Oxford street neighborhood, have unanimously carried a motion "that, in the opinion of this meeting, Polly, the so-called comic opera, is utterly weak and ineffectual, and unworthy the attention of playgoers." This is precisely what Polly is, and it stifles the laugh at the pompous, grave manner of the fat of this clever club, when I realize how able is the criticism.

I wish there was a Concert-goers' Club. In that case I might report on the subject of new songs. The management of the Novelty, where Polly reigns at present, announce a new national song, called "Dear Mother England." This ditty was written by a Yankee, composed by a Hebrew, and sung by an American; therefore, by reason of its polyglot structure, it can scarcely be said to be in danger of supplanting the distinctly national "Rule Britannia." Another new song, quite charming in its way, is "One Day of Roses," the words by Philip Marston and music by that dainty composer, Mary Ford. It is a song well adapted for a contralto voice, and is full of sentiment and grace.

And writing of music, let me tell you *The Sorcerer and Trial by Jury*, at the Savoy, draw the biggest houses since Mr. D'Oyly Carte first opened the theatre. A few years since these bright comic operas were done in New York at what was then called the Lyceum Theatre, in Fourteenth street, and were much appreciated by New York theatre-goers. But a great deal of their hitherto satire fell flat on the audience, because the social customs and institutions of the two countries are so divergent. For instance, the "pew-opener" is not known to Americans, whereas here she is as much known in her peculiar province as is the costermonger or the "vat's-meat man." These operas at the Savoy are in my judgment, in the sense of true burlesque, by far the best things the composers have done. In *The Sorcerer* George Grossmith made his first London hit, and as John Wellington Wells he is of a truth screamingly funny. The "pew-opener" here was not as good as the one who played the part in New York, whose name escapes my memory, but who is, I know, gathered in "the great majority," or as a French poet once

expressed it, "gone to leave the great secret." I most respects the opera was well produced. Miss Bonadonna as the Lady Sangarone was capital, her superb contralto voice coming out strongly. I admire this woman. She is an English gentlewoman, well born and well bred. Pecuniary reverses compelled her (no longer a young girl) to earn her living. She sought an avenue to her fine voice, and is rapidly taking a first place on the London boards. I hear that she has others dependent on her purse. It seems a great deal in England for a woman to turn from the drawing-room to the footlights, because, in spite of what may be said to the contrary, save for the male sex, public life in London is not regarded as altogether desirable in society, and is often only mildly tolerated.

Though there is no Concert-goers' Club, there is an *Orbit Club*. On the 27th of this month, at the Cannon Street Hotel, it will turn up its members. New members are joining the ranks, I hear, and the club is, from a modest beginning, growing on as a London feature. Sara Lane, manageress of the good old blood-and-thunder temple of the drama at Henson, the old reliable Britannia, astonishes me by her latest announcement—the engagement of "the great, only and original Bonadonna, the Hero of Niagara and Monarch of the High Slope." We imagined Bonadonna as to more "high-sounding" on terra firma. But who shall prove that this is not a ghostly Bonadonna? I must, however, say a pleasant word for Mrs. Lane, who is well known in New York by reputation. She is now busily engaged preparing her Christmas pantomime, in which she generally takes a part herself. She is no longer very young, yet she is full as ever of dramatic chic, and as a manageress she knows no superior. She is liked and respected both on and off the stage, and her beautiful residence, "Britannia Lodge," St. John's Wood, is the resort of bright men and women on her Sunday reception nights. The Britannia Theatre is built on the side of the ancient Rosemary Branch Equestrian Theatre, Islington Fields, which was burned in 1853, and at its burning seven horses and dogs were reduced to cinders. The pit is 50 feet wide by 60 feet deep. The stage is 75 by 50. The ceiling contains several ornamental ventilators. Elaborate precautions are taken against fire. Mrs. Lane has been many years longer, and she is licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, who greatly respects her personality.

The irrepressible Captain Disney Roebuck, at the Imperial Theatre, begins a regular season with old stock plays, such as *The Honey-moon*, *Lady of Lyons*, etc. Captain Disney is not to be scared by having, at present day, sunk much coin of the realm in the ill-starred Imperial. But the Captain is not alone in his reveling in old plays. The leading newspaper of Manchester actually devotes a column to critiquing, not only Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Coghlan in the parts of Pauline and Claude, but to gravely reviewing the play of the *Lady of Lyons*, as though it were written yesterday—this time honored production of Hubert Lytton, which was delightfully listened to by our parents in their courting days. But the great Master never grows old, and Hamlet evokes as lengthened consideration as though a play of the present day. Mr. Barrett, in his essay to portray the melancholy Dane, is greeted with columns of newspaper type, both for himself and for critical *recense* of the play, its motive, etc. Mr. Barrett dares to be original. His work will live as an event in stage annals. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Every-body Else is now tackling Hamlet all over the provinces. I hear that burlesques of Hamlet are to soon follow. But I trust no American dramatist here will write one. I can imagine nothing more insulting to dramatic art than to write a burlesque of Shakespeare. These monstrosities may please the thoughtless, but I for one will never sit out a burlesque of the Bard of Avon, whose hackneyed title as such never seems abated by its frequent repetition. There are surely subjects enough to burlesque; let us keep some portions of dramatic literature sacred from the rude despoiling pen of the burlesquer.

Speaking of burlesques, *The Babes at Toole's* still sets the audiences wild with amusement. It looks now as if *The Babes* would continue their funny little antics until Whituntile next, or Easter Sunday. J. L. Toole, meantime, kept out of his own theatre, delighting the provincials. A farce which precedes *The Babes* gives Lionel Brough (pronounced Bruff) a chance to enact a London policeman, or "bobbie."

But of all funny things which have come under my recent ken commend me to Sunderland, where the live-forever Jarrett, of Booth's Theatre renown, is playing his *Fun on the Bristol skit*. Sunderland is in distress, caused by excessive drunkenness, mainly of the lower classes. This is of course lamentable, and doubtless there is the keenest suffering reigning. But what appeals to my sense of the ludicrous is the fact that Jarrett takes occasion to figure as a philanthropist to the sufferers and advertise his play at the same time. Where, oh! where is the blithesome Commodore Towcher for this move is of a truth worthy his acute brain. A circular advertises the distribution of one thousand loaves of bread to the poor of Sunderland. It contains a correspondence between the Mayor and Jarrett, manager of *Fun on the Bristol* company, who agrees to give the bread on presentation of a ticket in front of the theatre between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, Oct. 16. No holder of a ticket got more than his one loaf of bread, which the ticket called for. There were no fishes sent broadcast to the hungry multitude. There is a grim, ghastly undertone in doing such a jolly play in a place where there is such terrible misery.

But Mr. Wilson Barrett is doing a charity as generous in its way as Mr. Jarrett's. A Soldiers and Harness-makers' Asylum is an admirable charity. This asylum will benefit, by tickets only, at the performance of *Hamlet* at the Princess's Theatre every day save Saturday, from the 20th to the 31st instant. This announcement is made with no blare of trumpets, but holds only an obscure line or two of type in a modest weekly newspaper.

A story has been going the rounds, that an actor died a few days or two since from destitution, in a miserable garret. This man, who was once a favorite actor, died of starvation, alone, uncared for. From a benefit society he had for a few months received a trifle less than two dollars a week, but by reason of a stage injury to one of his legs he could not play for a long time back. The story is well authenticated, that in his poverty and shame and illness he changed his name, so that the name on the Coroner's book was assumed long since. Perhaps this was a latter-day Chatterton.

Speaking of illness, Lady Theodora Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) is at present suffering from a severe attack of acute neuritis at her country-seat in Wales.

The Giddy Gusher.



What on earth induces many very worthy persons to go on the stage? Are there not enough for support that people utterly unkind for the profession should torture us with their incapacity? Have we not got howling American Jays enough that foreign Jays must be constantly visiting us? And we idiots holding out inducements for more of 'em to come! It's simply sickening. And when a man is so ghastly bad that no manager will give him a chance in the stock, is it not unkind to Providence to endow him with stamps enough to air himself as a star? I believe we get our punishment as we go along, and in that belief this week will be a carnival of crime for me. I shall sail gallantly in and commit pleasant and wicked things, feeling sure an evening with Eric Bayley as The Colonel is a stand-off for six days' enormities—an advance penance for numberless sins to be committed.

Mr. Bayley would make a good homoeopathic doctor. The baby pills of that practitioner would come from him with a good grace. I can't imagine him handling real strong drugs, but senna and manna and citrate of magnesia would take on a greater interest dealt out by his gentle hand.

Mr. Bayley would make a good lawyer for the milder forms of litigation. I wouldn't want to entrust him with anything as heavy as a little larceny, but if I wanted to commence an action for trespass, the legal ability of Eric would about qualify him to tackle it.

And as a nice tea-drinking minister for old ladies to make slippers for and talk of as "our beloved pastor," Eric would be splendid.

As an actor he has entirely missed his vocation. He has robbed himself—by appearing in New York—of the Gusher's sympathy. I read of a row he was in when someone patted him lately, and felt sorry. On Monday night I wished the fellow had thrashed him twice as soon.

I thought when I saw Lester Wallack do The Colonel that it was a dreary play, but to see that play done by Eric Bayley—I turn from the subject with a reminiscent thrill of pain, and compliment the gentleman on a new advertising dodge. The story current that Miss Turner and Miss Gerard were in the habit of taking playful pinches and surreptitious scratches at each other during the entertainment is calculated to draw. When McCaffrey and Mitchell can do so well, with the world knowing there is no bad blood between 'em, how much livelier a mill may be expected of two able-bodied young women in good condition facing each other, animated by direct hatred. The moment the pair were alone on the stage a murmur of expectation ran round the house, and evidently a round or two was expected of the feather-weights.

Wallack wants to begin with his paragraphs and work up the excitement on the coming out-between Rose Coghlan and Sophie Eyre. These ladies will toe the scratch at about twelve-stone and make a much more interesting pair than Florence and Carrie.

Rose, in an interview, says: "I have not the slightest feeling about the engagement of Miss Eyre. I am leading lady. She can interfere with me in no possible way."

Sophie says in a letter to an absent one: "I have been greatly annoyed at some unpleasant stories—evidently started by Mr. Farrell, who is an agent of Rose Coghlan, and seems to be working in her interests."

I publish these paragraphs in a friendly spirit with a view to working up the excitement to Madison Square Garden pitch, and may as well state that Rose has the advantage of Billy Edwards, advice in the coming mill, while Sophie has been seen coming in from a ten-mile stretch with a trim built young man, popularly supposed to be the trainer Billy Madden.

As old Bill Tovey used to say: "Miss Coghlan and Miss Eyre will now oblige, and may the best 'un win."

You must not think that the little ructions so widely heralded at present are the first rows ever known in the profession. Way back in Mr. Hamblin's time the oil footlights smokily lit up the angry passions of rival actresses. Some when about that epoch The Cataract of the Ganges; or, Cherry and Fair Star, or some one of the pioneer show-pieces of the day, had a run of six consecutive nights at the Bowery Theatre. Two actresses in the play cherished unnamable feelings for each other, and in such farces as Crossing the Line they had, without apparent intent, had hand-to-hand encounters that electrified the Bowery. The ladies wore the same costumes—red morocco boots with

brass heels and spangled Turkish trousers. All the company were called for the third act one night, when actress No. 1, being of an acrobatic turn, jumped up on the roller of the curtain that stretched its huge cylindrical length from wing to wing. The "clear the stage" order passed unheeded on the balancing artist, the fall for the rise was unnoticed, the windlass revolved, the big roller swiftly rose, off slid the damsel, but her short skirt was rolled in from the rear by the greedy cylinder. She was lifted off the ground, and there she hung, squealing like a pig under a gate, while a startled audience gazed at two red boots and a considerable length of pink tights and quite a section of spangled trousers. There was a pit in those days, and no one can form any idea of the greeting a trowed pit can give an accident of this kind. The man in the flies reversed his windlass, and down came the actress from her involuntary aerial suspension.

The yells in front were deafening, but the ready-witted actress flew for her dressing-room. She grabbed a pedicute conveniently open, and she ripped those boots down the top and emancipated her recently exhibited feet. She hurriedly clapped on a pair of black slippers and rushed for the stage. The strains of the triumphal march were sounding; she fell in behind her enemy, and on they went. As the scarlet boots of No. 2 skirted the footlights there rose a yell of delighted recognition from the boys, and the ignorant actress nearly fainted with horror as she felt for her peepholes and investigated her rear.

"What on earth is wrong with me?" she tremblingly asked of the offender, who, safely ensconced in black slippers, skipped in like Mary's lamb. The frightened actress was told, before she reached the "prompt side," of the recent developments and the change of line whereby her enemy had benefited and she been given over to public ridicule. To say that she was vexed is to employ a mild term. She sat down on a drum-head and waited till her adversary had finished a scene; then she fell on her tooth and nail. Four scene-shifters and a carpenter, the call-boy and the prompter took those women by arms, legs and dress-skirts. They could not tear them apart. Hyer and Sayers met in a twenty-four-foot roped ring a week or two afterward, but no one round of their celebrated mill approximated in fierceness or execution to the grand clinch of Cherry and Fair Star.

Pieces of those spangled tunics and tinsel pants were preserved for years by eyewitnesses, as mementoes of one of the liveliest fights on record. An old sport was showing me his trophies one day, wrapped in a bird's-eye spotted blue silk wipe that had been knotted on the stake in Savers' corner at Farnborough was a scrap of red satin and a few tarnished spangles.

"That's all I got for trying to part Mrs.—— and Miss——. When they fit their great fight in the Bowery," said he, "an' my dear female friend," he continued, "I alters short arter that that wimmin would make a better showing in the prize-ring than men."

Now a pugilistic feeling takes possession of your gentle Gusher as she reads that her dear little Scotty failed to win a prize at the dog show. Let me tell you you're mistaken. With the procrastination that is her best policy, the Gusher had not entered Scotty till the catalogue was made up and the entries long closed. Then she wrote a tender and touching epistle to the kind and florid Mr. Lincoln; and Mr. Lincoln yielded to her dulcet strain, and she received, the morning of the opening day, a permit—a nice, gallant letter, a parchment tag for Scotty, and a postboard one for herself. She set out to get her dog, who had gone for his own health and the health of the family to board at High Bridge. It was in the neighborhood of 11 A. M. when she reached the depot, and even on the platform the voice of her pet was heard mixed with terrific hi-yi's from a brindle ash-barrel, who made up in quantity what he lacked in quality. The entire "quintessence" population had turned out and were howling their admiration for the contestants. The whole police force was out and Peter Conlin, captain of the precinct, was ordering out the Mounted Squad to see what they could do to stop the fight. Now Captain Conlin is Billy Florence's brother, and the Gusher is one of Billy's dearest friends. You can here trace the effect of influence on the police. All the clubs were roused for the fight. The club were roused and soon free went Scotty when his aide owner sailed in, and with the loss of some fingers and a section of thumb detached him from his adversary. All thought of entering the match at the dog show vanished. His condition was that of a slaughter-house on four legs, but an examination of his injuries proved they were suffered by his opponent. Scotty washed up like a piece of white satin. He was carted down to Madison Garden, and for fifteen minutes was the happiest dog you ever saw, for he thought he was going to be let fight the entire Hunch Show. For three days he was the unhappiest, when he found a three-foot chain and a four-foot adversary were his constant companions.

But the clever managers of the show had taken the Gusher's letter and classed the dear pet as a bulldog, when he is a bull-terrier. He weighs sixty pounds, and he sat and

smiled these days amid the awful agonies of underdog, blue-eyed, bow-legged bulldogs. Then, on the last day, Mr. Lincoln and some colleagues saw him and admitted he was wrongly classified, and in his right place would have taken first prize. Then he got a tatty but truthful ticket of "Very highly commended." He has returned to his admiring owner partially pacified, and the tales he tells of that show make his hair stand up.

He says he was simply disgusted at the way some mistresses treated their dogs, putting flowers in cases before them and making up ribbons and lace trimmed beds in their cages. He has never done ridiculing Berry Wall's black poodles who have submitted to such indignities as having their wood cropped in sections, leaving knobs on their poor rears and rings on their legs and tails. The presence of bracelets on their ankles further disgusted him. He speaks in the highest terms of Willie Gray, the adopted love of Tony Hart, who was then taking charge of Tony's tag St. Bernard. Willie's daily visit to Scotty with a large and succulent bone from Gillick's lair will never be forgotten. His most powerful back of condemnation is used in describing a young woman's conduct in flirting with Mr. Montour in order to influence the awarding of the second prize in his class. He tells a horrid story of deceit on a "highly commended" pug. That pug confessed to him at night that he had a wife skillfully twisted 'round his tail to make it look close; that the mark down his back was sharply defined with Christened's hair-dye, and that two of his warts were made of gum tragacanth, artistically touched up with the dye.

Captain Conlin says Scotty has told enough since his return to warrant the arrest of half New York and done enough to justify his own arrest. Of one thing the Police Commissioners are sure: The High Bridge station-house will not go to sleep while the Gusher's dog is on the ground, and you can do nothing up there or in THE MIRROR office that will so warm things up as to meddle with Scotty, the pet of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, OCT. 13, 1884.

The season has not yet been productive of anything in either the dramatic or musical line that will tend much to wait the authors on to either wealth or immortality. The best thing operatic which has yet seen light is a little two-act piece at the Opéra Comique, entitled Joli Gilles, and announced as being from the pen of Monselet and Poire; but it is an "adaptation" of the play *Embaras de Richesses*, by M. D'Albérval, and is as old as July 9, 1725. The story has been heard in various forms and tongues on many occasions. However, this does not detract from the merit of the present very enjoyable performance presented by Manager Carvalho. Joli Gilles is described as "an opera in two acts," but it has only one scene and a very pretty one it is. On the right is a rustic cottage with a far-reaching balcony, embowered by trees, and on the left a much more pretentious house. The occupier of the cottage is Gilles, the gardener, and that of the big building is a vic' fat old man named Fantasio. Gilles has a pretty sweetheart, Violette, and the course of true love between them runs smoothly until the rich neighbor makes Gilles a present of a casket filled with gold coin. Then all his good qualities vanish. The possession of the gold makes him selfish and suspicious, and awakens a thirst for more. He is tempted by one Pasquillo to affianc him to his daughter, Sylvia, for the sake of her dowry and throws Violette on one side. Sylvia is in love with a young chap named Léandre, and does not care a sou for Gilles; but old Pasquillo is a power in the household and she is compelled to obey him. After he has parted from Violette, Gilles is stricken with remorse at his conduct, and, laying all the blame upon the money secretly, persuading the donor to take it back. Then a bridal procession enters, headed by a fiddler and brought up by Violette in bridal wreath and veil on the arm of Léandre. Violette tells the horrified Gilles that she is married and treats him with the scorn he deserves. When he has been thoroughly punished for his fickleness, and it is seen that his despair is sincere, he learns to his great joy that she is not married, and that she has only been playing a trick upon him. Thus the lovers are united and Léandre obtains old Pasquillo's consent to his marriage with Sylvia. The Joli Gilles was preceded by Le Maître de Chapelle and followed by Galathée.

The Beaumarchais has scored a success with *Boldauier*, a new five-act drama, by M. Georges Richard. *Boldauier* is a French colonist who has made a fortune at Gaboon, and now has returned to France for the purpose of putting himself under the care of Dr. Morel, an old friend, and having a diseased liver cured, if possible. The doctor has a daughter Genevieve, who is loved by two brothers, André and Henri Lavalin. André is a fine fellow, but Henri is a villain, who, not satisfied with disputing for the heart of the fair Genevieve with his brother, makes him pay his gambling debts and thus ruins him. André then accepts an offer from *Boldauier* to go to Gaboon and settle up his affairs in that country. During his absence Henri, the bad, bad man, gets into Genevieve's room and forcibly ruins her. As he is leaving he is seen

by *Boldauier*, who at first thinks that he will kill him; but he then decides that he will save the doctor's honor by marrying the girl. A year passes by, she has a child, and Henri, who had disappeared, comes back and is endeavoring to see her, is surprised by *Boldauier*, who kills the villain, but is himself desperately wounded. He dies in the last act and leaves Genevieve, the child and his fortune to André, who has returned in time for the legacy.

L'Indefinable is a new five-act drama which has just been accepted from Fauts and Viot, by the management of the Renaissance, and will be brought out at that house during this season. It is reported here that the American rights of this piece have been purchased by Woods and Dickson, of your city; but, if this is correct, they certainly must have more money than brains, as the most unscrupulous of all uncertain things is the value of an untried piece. They experimented last year in the same manner with *La Chansonnière*, which proved a flat failure in this city, and unless they had it adapted by some one who possessed more ability than the authors, it will probably meet with a similar fate in America. If it is a difficult matter for the overhauling success of this country to pass muster before a critical New York audience, what chance can a piece have that has been damned by press, public and management? However, experience will probably ultimately settle all doubts any one may have on the subject.

The Cirque d'Hiver has been reopened under the most favorable auspices, the first performance being attended by enthusiastic crowds. M. Fraumont's acrobats met with a perfect ovation, but the chief success of the evening was the appearance of the two female gymnasts, the white woman and the negro, who last year delighted the audience at the Hippodrome. The former jumps into a net from the cupola of the circus, her descent being altogether bewildering. Among other noteworthy features of the programme are the acrobatic feats provided by the "distinguished" Marlott, the three dwarf elephants, the Japanese juggler, Arriquiry, the Rhine, and several amusing scenes in magnetism by a couple of clowns.

Two serious accidents are reported from Rome, both happening at the *Houbaert Amphitheatre*. The wire rope upon which Mlle. Further, a debutante, was performing, broke, and the artist was thrown violently to the ground, fracturing her wrist. Shortly after, the horse ridden by Mlle. Olga, equitationist, bolted and jumped among the spectators. It was, however, secured without doing any great injury. Mlle. Olga resumed her performance, but had become so nervous that she fell and sustained serious injuries.

The two leading parts in *Les Deux Pigeons*, the new ballet at the Opéra, will be taken by Mmes. Mauri and Soubierville. The manager is mounting this ballet with unusual magnificence. Some little difficulty is being experienced over the Hungarian dance in the first act, and over a storm scene, where a tree is struck by lightning, in the second. The Prefecture authorities raised some objection, owing to the danger connected with the great use of gas conducted by both electricians.

The rehearsals of *Le Grand Canotier* at the Variétés are drawing to an end, and the piece will be brought out shortly. Some amusement and considerable excitement was caused on Saturday in the endeavor to get the horses which are to figure in the piece to enter the theatre. After an hour's hard work, and the advantage of a crowd that would have done credit to a fire, they were safely led through the corridors to the stage, where they are to be defiled.

M. Emile Simon, manager of Foreign Theatrical Tours, has completed arrangements for the appearance of Mlle. Jeanne Guérin in Brussels and throughout Holland and Belgium. She is to receive two thousand francs a night, and will play *Primitives Armes de Richesses*, *Indiana* at Charlemagne and *Un Mari qui Plait*.

All of the costumes, furniture, ornaments and other stage property which had served at the Renaissance in *Gillette-Gillette*, *L'Élé Crevé*, *La Petite Marité*, *Le Petit Duc*, *Fantasio* and *Le Verger* were sold by auction at the Hotel Drouot on Wednesday last. The prices realized were very low. The crown worn by the Duke d'En-Face, with *Fraumont's* umbrellas thrown in, only fetched three-and-a-half francs.

The list of operas to be produced at the Italiens during the coming season includes *Abramo*, *Richard III.*, *Le Chevalier Jean*, *Benviento Cellini* and *Joni*, which are all new operas. Mmc. Soubierville will appear on the opening night in *Luisa di Lammermoor*.

The role of *Dame Sol*, which Mlle. Jeanne Brindson had studied previous to quitting the Theatre-Français, has been transferred to Mlle. Bartet. The rehearsals of *Hernani*, in which M. Dufour will play Don Carlos, have been resumed. The music which Ambroise Thomas has consented to compose for the revival of *Hamlet*, at the Français, are the songs of Ophelia and Gertrude, respectively. Alfred Hennequin, who is well known as the author of *Dominion Rome*, *Bibi* and *Traité de Plaisir*, has had a stroke of apoplexy, and is lying in a critical state. The Budget Committee of the Municipal Council have just voted the suppression of the subsidy of 25,000 francs enjoyed by the Opéra Populaire. The concert for classical music will be inaugurated on the 19th inst. by M. Lamoureux. Judic has been winning golden opinions in Madrid by singing Spanish songs in *Nituche*. It is said that Mlle. Manno, who has not appeared on the boards since her performance of *Nana*, is about to organize a benefit performance for herself. *Dumas'* new piece will be "a contemporary social study in the style of *The Demi-Monde*." A subscription has been opened at the Comédie Française on behalf of Saint Legrand, who has fallen in with hard times.

Ernestos on the Boulevard. In the Danieffs' *Ousp* keeps his wife for his master. "Say, that husband *Ousp* is impossible! don't you think so?" "Why, he is from Russia."

"What has that to do with it?" "It is the country of the Nihilists, you know."

At the ballet. Madame Cham sees an old gentleman giving her daughter a bag behind the scenes.

"Patience, how can you?" "Gent.—"Don't scold her; it is my fault."

Madame (proudly): "I wish to believe, sir, that you met with some resistance."

MENTOR.

Professional Delays.

—Alfred King has joined Bull's Opera company.

—Manager Donnelly is again a sufferer from throat affection.

—Mlle. Fina has engaged with the Barley Campbell troupe.

—Mary Wheeler joined the Wallack company on Monday.

—Fred Lowe does not go on the road with The Seven Saviors.

—Tony Foster's familiar face is again seen to his old home.

—McGuill's Fata company is rehearsing *Prince Methusalem*.

—The Sadness Comedy company returned to the city on Sunday.

—The New Lyceum Theatre is to open about the middle of January.

—A fine public hall and theatre is being erected at Manhattan, N. Y.

—Harrison and Gentry intend to try a new play called *Black and Eye*.—Frankie Thompson will play *The Duke of York* with Walter Whitcomb.

—W. E. Palmer has taken Wesley Stuart's place at the Madison Square.

—Dan Rice, of course, is, according to the small towns of Kentucky.

—The Delys have booked entire weeks of new scenes in New York City.

—Madame Judith and Harry Sargent have covered their business relations.

—It is announced that another Company will shortly make a debut at the Third Avenue Theatre.

—George Schiller will join Rice's *Supper Party* on the production of the new play in Rome.—Dad Davidson will remain with the Queens company until The *Scoundrel of Padua* runs on the road.

—Louise Harland has signed with W. A. Thompson as prima opera for the Bigger Student company.

—Dorothy is the day appointed by the Actors' Fund Society Committee for the annual performance.

—Harry Edwards resists his old position at Wallack's Theatre, but he doesn't know exactly what to call it.

—A well known theatrical firm are said to be negotiating the purchase of royalties to the extent of about \$500.

—The dispute between Carrie Turner and Florence Grant is said to have been amicably settled on Friday last.

—Ed. Zimmerman arrived in the city on Tuesday. He reports the business of *Monte Cristo* as being good.—Kate Challen will revive *A Child of the State* at Niblo's Garden after the departure of The Seven Saviors.

—After all, E. A. McDowell did not go on the road with Collier, Bush, Louis Mann being substituted for him.

—The new piece at Wallack's is at present entitled *The Student's Souffler*. It will be brought out on Nov. 20.

—David Belmont's contract with the Wallack expires on Nov. 1. They are negotiating with him to remain.

—Several members of the Wallack, Daly and other such companies are planning to form a rival club to the Ladies.

—E. E. Rice avers that his *Supper Party* is making money and that the company in Boston average \$100 a night.—George Sullivan, Jr., has been engaged by McGuill for the *Seven Saviors* season, and will play *Tamara* in *Fata*.—George Fox is preparing scenery for Dr. Donnelly's production of *Vandenberg* at the Metropolitan Opera House.

—It is rumored to New York that the Italian Italian Opera company will appear a good show at these days' notice.

—The Knollys have changed nearly the entire cast of their attractions in an effort to reduce their salary list fifty per cent.

—Joli Gilles announces that he is raising money to re-open. He has left George S. Knight, and is looking for a place.

—The John Murray company, under the management of Charles E. Cook, has recently closed in view of the *Blancmouche* regime.—Lilith Arthur has been engaged by Ernest Street on leading support to *Adeline Snatch* and *James Huddle* in *Brussels*.—On Monday week Rice's *Supper Party* will present in Boston, for the first time, W. H. Gil's new character, *A Duke of Inn*.

—Louise Dickinson and Little Olive Bodley are in town. They are no longer members of Williams and Williams's Queens company.

—John Stepper Clarke will shortly open the Avenue Theatre in London with a new comedy by F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*.

—Charles Frohman has arranged with A. M. Palmer to remain at the Madison Square for another year. This Frohman is in bad health.

—Tilman and Williams are so well satisfied with the success of *Lyceum* that they will shortly send a No. 2 company on the road.

—The Pommeroy (O.) Opera House was burned to the ground on Sunday evening. This leaves the town without a place of amusement.

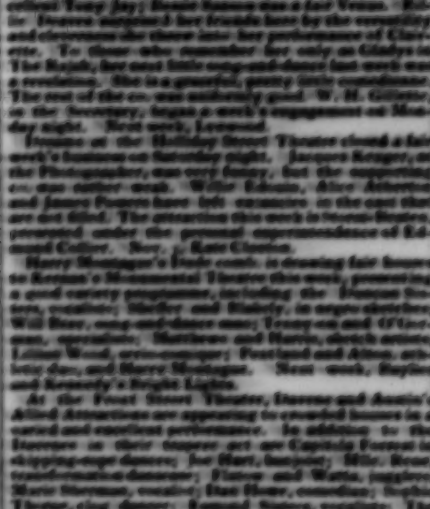
—Dr. Lynn's Theatre, now being exhibited at the Eden House, has been engaged. C. H. Swanner has the sole right for the United States.

—A company is being organized to play *The Private Tutor*, a version of *The Secretary* which Gilman accepted and then declined.—The introduction of a caricature of the Marquis de Louville by Henry Dancy in *Adeline* has not proved successful and he will withdraw it. Few recognized the character. A new chorus, "The Man who Plays the Gusher," is now given nightly.

—May Jordan, an amateur actress of some experience and of wealthy parentage, recently joined the Zo-Zo company, being desirous of adopting the stage. Her father interfered, and her correct age is now being investigated, and the courts may decide the matter.

—E. L. Walton will produce, at Johnsons, Pa., on Nov. 20, a play called *The Diamond Broker*. The star part is a middle-aged Jew, with a catchword, "Married"—"How good good luck." If Mr. Walton's expectations are realized he will at once take to the road.

ter conditions on the road, and the part of *The Sport* is something peculiarly his own. Charles Liver, for several seasons the baritone of Ford's Opera Co., made an ex-



Nelson, in songs and dances; James Brown, in ring and rock, and others. The performance concludes with

There is an attraction in the attendance at Maritime Museum Temple Museum, every performance is crowded with spectators. The Chinese and the Chinese of Normandy, in which Frank Froben will assume the role of Gampard. Giffette and Mascotte will also be given during the week. The performances in the auditorium, while not by any means great, are nevertheless of an excellent standard and are most of the Museum's credit. The chief attraction in the curatorial hall this week is a practical demonstration of the work of submarine divers. A large glass tank has been erected and the services of Captain Townsend secured. Prof. Townsend will be in charge of the demonstration. The exhibition, Herwig's Fine Museum is also drawing well and offering good attractions.

Items: It is rumored that another part is being sent into the Province to gratify the ambition of Maritime Museum. It is not known whether the part is sent out in such small size, and it is to be hoped, that the

James is without foundation. Little Rovers withdrew from the Rag Baby co. on Saturday night. At the Wednesday morning the trumpet in the Rag Baby sound is baroque style. Pretty as a Picture, and an unassuming to enjoy it. The Rag Baby's Marie Van der Grinten was sitting in front. Mulvey and Co., of the Madison Square, came out on a stand in Monday morning's papers stating that The Secretary, now playing here, said that The Private Secretary from the Madison Square Theatre, as has been previously announced, that The Private Secretary would be given with the Madison Square section of the Academy of Music later in the season. Little Griggs, who has lately been playing in Adams of the firm, is quite sick at his home in New York City. The Rag Baby's Marie Van der Grinten was in town last week and was much pleased with the success attending his venture here.

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one of the best produced here this season. Editor: Thomas's Black Film critic.

Pope's Theatre (Charles R. Pope, manager): Rome's my eye is with us again, and seems to have lost none of its sparkle. The new play, *My Sister Sam*, is a very good one, and is a very good play and was very well produced. In the cast are W. L. Dumas, M. J. Jordan, C. W. Butler, M. B. Snyder, Miss Rutenman, Miss Snyder, Miss W. G. Jones, Miss Hunscomb; and a very good Black Film critic.

People's Theatre (W. C. Mitchell, manager): A very good musical entertainment has been given by the Chicago Col Wagner troupe. While very little change is possible in this style of show, to see one in which is so much of the same thing, is a novelty. The troupe has been very successful in its work. The cast, in order of appearance, are: W. C. Mitchell, C. W. Butler, Charles Goodyear, Lew Benedict and Sam Price. Some of the specialties are: Charles Goodyear.

Standard Theatre (W. H. Smith, manager): William Manton, hamlet; Harry and Blanche Woods, Romeo and Juliet; Walter and Lillian, The Merchant of Venice; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Taming of the Shrew; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Merry Wives of Windsor; Harry and Blanche Woods, Twelfth Night; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Comedy of Errors; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Comedy of the State; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Comedy of the State; Harry and Blanche Woods, The Comedy of the State.

been remarkably good. The attractions are Lane, with his daughters, Anita Mounsey, singer; A. R. Soderstrom with Helen and Trish, and little Lillian Chambers, singer and dancer, were the feature of the stage performance. The musical told, through the story, the fate of the children and African children are subjects of interest.

At Gregory's the house has been overflowing; the new ones new and entertaining.

From the Exposition closed with a great flourish of music, the children of the Exposition, all children of the Exposition, the door reception finishing up over 100,000.

Carrie Swain, with the new drama called "Clara," will follow tomorrow at Pope's—Dickson's North City will open in Cincinnati, at Herwin's Theatre, Nov. 10, and will open in the afternoon in advance of Hallowe'en and Hart's Specialty Co., is to open.

BROOKLYN.

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er, were excellent. Election week, John T. Ryan was one of three in his command—1st Congress, 1st Paratroop Air Cavalry Battalion.

On Monday evening, the Bismarck, was presented to the Island Command House, on Monday evening for a presentation by the Arthur B. Ryan comb. a 1st, which is organized by Assistant John's. Clara Fisher, Mayor, and Mrs. Mary Ann Hanger, was capital. Alice Brown, a former flight instructor, and Harry Hoots, Commander Harry Hoots, were also present. The ceremony was a very interesting one. As an effort to the ceremony, on Thursday evening a meal, with the stirring tale of the Bismarck's voyage to Death, will be produced. Week of Nov. 2, Charlotte Thompson.

The Island Command House made their first appearance, after their European voyage, at Hyde at Bismarck on Monday evening, and were received by large house. Billy Kernahan, Billy Wilson, Taylor Green, Bob Brown and other favorites were heartily welcomed.

Items: The alterations in the Brooklyn Theatre now completed, and the raising of the roof of the parkette makes it one of the most desirable parts of the house.—Manager Nixon has made arrangements to have the electric returnways to the Park on Tuesday night where they will be announced. The accuracy of the dispatches in past elections have been commented on in the Brooklyn press.—A talking machine will be one of the attractions at the standard Museum, beginning Nov. 1 for two weeks only. It will be the first one ever exhibited in this country.—Herr Mueller, German mimic, gives

slightly considered. If it is rewritten and shortened it might prove a popular road drama. This week, *Madame Happy* draws on.

The Academy was jacked every night by laughing audiences, so the *Madams* in their second week of the 1930-31 season this week—a grand total for the Academy patrons.

The Lyman and Gorman's Garden continue to draw crowds. The two-hundredth performance of opera at the latter place occurred during the week. The opera was well attended. The opera co. will probably remain all winter.

Items: C. J. Shorstein, manager of the Wife's Hat *co.*, and several members of the *co.*, arrived in town last week. One of the most advanced *co.* in the country, the *co.* has a large and efficient staff in this city and New York, and that the election had been successful, and that it was desired for it to come in and stay until the excitement was over, when the *co.* will

ALABAMA.
MOBILE.
Montgomery Theatre (John Tannenhorn, manager):
Tony Turner's *Hamlet* (theatre, matinee and evening,
and late matinee), and *T. P. W. Mammie* to conclude
season, 4 p. m. and 7 p. m. matinee.
Anna C. W. Hall's Circle to good business, 8 p. m.
and late matinee, 6 p. m.
Item: Ted H. Marks, business manager for Park

HUNTSVILLE.
Opera House (H. H. Hudley, manager): Tony and Grace Good-Utilization. The operations were successful and received the audience's appreciation. The performance of the opera was very good.

MOBILE.
Thurston (J. J. Tamm, manager): The Devil's Advocate appeared in a large house, the good entire satisfaction. Much of the day was a large audience, with the best performance.

EUFAULA.
Shore's Opera House (William H. Vial, manager):

the Mary Moore a bunch of keys on, to larger house. The parts were all well taken, except that of Germany, who was too stout and too clumsy. In addition, his delivery was so poor that the audience were scarcely audible. The cast, as a whole, pleased.

BIRMINGHAM.

O'Brien's Opera House (T. P. O'Brien, manager): Tony Insner's Humpty Dumpty, with, to fair honor. With the exception of a few novelties introduced between the acts, performance was poor. Frank Mayo, as the boy, was not so good as Jerry Courtett, the very poor comedian. Mr. Mayo's part was not so recent as that of Courtett, and he gave the greatest of satisfaction, and we trust that when he returns to our city he will be welcomed by larger audiences.

SEEMA.

Hammy Hall (J. Gerstman, manager): Tony Insner's Humpty Dumpty opened, and gave a very good performance to a houseful of steady patrons. The

ARKANSAS.
HOT SPRINGS.
Opera House (J. L. Butterfield, manager): Bella Moore appeared third and fifth in A Mountain Pink and Pygmalion and Galatea. First night she was greeted by a large audience. Miss Moore is pretty and attractive, and sings and dances very nicely. She was sponsored for Smothery Weeks, acting very excellently, for which she was recalled at end of second act. But a fair house at the presentation of Pygmalion and Galatea. The theatre-goers who failed to attend the performance were a rare treat. Miss Moore made a most favorable impression here. Her rendition of Galatea, at all times, seems her acting was grand. She was called before the curtain at the end of every act. A large audience attended a performance given at the Opera House, Sun-

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LITTLE ROCK.

Walter's Mainstreet came out, and by special request remained out, fine business. The Herve Sisters, amateur drill and double quartette, deserve special praise. The drill done by Evans and others was splendid, they were cheered twice. Tom McAnnam was the soloist.

Grand Opera House (W. A. Little, manager): Summary Rye was produced, and a play to packed houses. Jack Rogers as Mr. C. Handyside was well received. Miss Weverka as Miss Mayblyton was much praised. Katie Rogers as Gertrude Hubbard and Maurice Brown as Philip Hopton were well received. Thomas W. Keene, chief, with and with; United Nov. 6 and 7.

From J. H. Fingree's advance of Lulu Horst; Louisa Rogers, agent for Chauncey to Thompson and Lew W. Rogers, agent for W. W. Rogers, passed a few days in our city this week.

CONNECTICUT.
NEW HAVEN.

Carl's Open House (P. K. Carroll, manager). The Boston Braves made their so-called farewell appearance at 10 p.m. before the three largest consecutive crowds in the history of the ballpark. The Braves were respectively placed in the bottom, middle and third positions in the league, but the length of the season was shown. The second round was not so successfully rounded, the first by far the poorest of the three. In fact, their inability to fully excite the Boston fans was shown. Gradually the entire replaced Martin Snow in the first role by the change which in no way benefited the audience. The second round, at least not so much on striking success as it appeared to be anxious to avert failure. In this they succeeded. Lights in London, 10th and 11th.

Mr. Harry O. O'Brien (Harry O'Brien, manager). Although advertising to play the first of the season, the Boston Braves, guided a couple of appearances by the Virginia bachelors, and and. Both categories

and been for the several seasons. Miss Fendricks lately fainting in front of the footlights, and her first appearance on an American stage, the audience would probably have gone to sleep or been hit by a lightning bolt. Items, including heavy hand, chrome sequin, etc., supplied by Charles A. Stone, of Chicago, were supplied by Charles A. Stone, of Chicago, who, in the *Edgar Davenport* and Mrs. J. M. Bates, presented *The Secret of Eve* and *A Child of the State*, eighth and ninth, to the houses.

19 Henry's play was well staged.

Butler, Mass. Bennett and Moulton's *Comedians* were seen in Massachusetts and Chicago in crowded auditoriums every afternoon and evening last week. They remain here for two weeks.

American Theatre (Press, Chicago, manager): Will be seen in New York with a fine cast. Reports are being made to a considerable extent.

Items. Eric Barry sent a telegram to Manager Can-

cancel dates of 14th and 15th. The city had been thoroughly blind," Myron Whitney has assumed quite a strong turn of money, and after this season will no longer be heard in company," said the acting manager of the Idaho. "Will the Idaho then really go to pieces after this season? I feared." "I cannot see how it can be otherwise. Whitney returns, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Farquhar have other plans, Geraldine I fear leaves the stage. Mac then no longer wishes to carry the responsibility of managing the co. All these things taken together means the disorganization of the co."—Greta Louise Kellogg's Ansonia concert featured five hundred flowers.—I W I fear, the advertising agent of the Museum is credited with doing excellent advance work.

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FARGO.
Opera House (A. S. Cashart, manager): Milton Sollen's co. in Love and Lure to a crowded house with, this is the first co. that have such an effect on Fargo people, who were thrown into a furor over the play and co.
—
Irene's Coliseum and Store Theaters running nightly big business.—C. T. Dauby, the author of An American King and other dramas, has purchased considerable property here. He has gone East for the Winter.

DELAWARE.
WILMINGTON.
Grand Opera House (Jesse Baylis, manager): Herma's friends of Oak co. had a good house with and gave the usual good performance. Mr. Rooney and his admirable co.; another good house. — Election evening was

John Southard, Charles Morgan, the Burtons, Edmund and Givens and others.

FLORIDA.
PENSACOLA.
Francis Opera House (R. F. McConnell, manager): Tony Deane's Humpty Dumpty troupe kept a good average in rows of laughter for nearly three hours, and the excitement incident to a Presidential contest has some effect on the size of audiences, but not as much as with you of the North.

GEORGIA.
SAVANNAH.
Savannah Theatre (T. F. Johnson, manager): T. F. W. Minstrels played, with, to an audience of over 1,500.

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The Usher.



In Usher
Head like who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Lament's Love.

The *Morning Journal* tries to make out of its egregious blunder of notating a performance at the Grand Opera House that did not take place, by stating that it meant the Brooklyn Grand Opera House. This is another lie and makes matters worse. The Orpheus company did not play in Brooklyn Monday night of last week—it appeared in Baltimore. The *Journal* having published an unparliamentary and apparently malicious article should have preserved silence afterward on the subject. More lies could not get things right. Digby Bell, by the way, tells me that he thinks he has come for a legal action against the *Journal*, on account of the adverse mention made in the article referred to.

The latest on Stetson: During a recent trip to the Hub the manager is said to have met a lady acquaintance on the Fall River boat. The night was foggy and a heavy swell rolled the vessel considerably. The lady promptly became sick. Stetson, with his customary gallantry, produced some remedies and stimulants. Just as he was handing her a glass he heard the Captain sing out to the man at the wheel: "How does she lay?"

Not feeling certain as to whom the question was addressed, Stetson made no reply. But when after a brief pause the captain shouted a little louder than before: "How is her head?" J. S. felt that his well-known reputation for politeness was at stake. Advancing to the foot of the companion-way he yelled back: "Pretty d— had, thank you; she's sick again!"

Bartley Campbell is delighted with the renewed popularity of *The Galley Slave*. "It brought me my first roof-tree, and the last season before it was withdrawn the profits were \$15,000."

It is not always the man with a good part who makes the hit, and this was exemplified in The Colonel on Monday by Reginald Martin, who astonished everybody by his wonderful accent and characteristic make-up and action as the Italian *restaurateur*. But more than this, he doubled the part of the old servant in the second act so well that nobody recognized the actor's identity. Martin has demonstrated his versatility as a character actor of marked ability in these two "bits." Now let's see whether he gets an engagement worthy of his mettle.

Brooks and Dickson's Season.

Brooks and Dickson's attractions are doing as well as could be expected at this season—even better. They now have four companies on the road, and the number will soon be increased. The popularity of Romany Rye shows no diminution, and the two companies, A and B, have done a uniformly good business so far. One is in Kansas City this week and the other is playing through Texas. In the Rank is doing very well indeed.

"First and foremost among our new attractions," said a member of the firm yesterday "is Mme. Adelaide Ristori. Madame begins her American tour under our management at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Nov. 10, and will play at least sixteen weeks with us. From Philadelphia the lady goes to Haverly's, Chicago. We shall provide a special palace-car for the use of herself and party during the tour. Mme. Ristori will make Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Marie Antoinette and Lady Macbeth the principal features of her repertoire. Special interest attaches to her coming appearance, from the fact that she has hitherto played only in Italian in this country, and will now play in English. Her accent is said to be much less marked than that of any other foreign artist who has essayed our home tongue. The company will be a very strong one. Edmund Tearle, Charles Leveson Lane, Ivan Shirley and Kate Clinton are all excellent artists from the London theatres. We have also engaged Mrs. Augusta Foster, Fanny Gillette, John A. Lane and H. A. Langdon, of the late John McCullough company. Marian P. Clifton, Stage Manager W. H. Young, formerly with Barrett, and others. The business manager will be E. D. Price, who has been identified with McCullough's management for several years. Mr. Price will also do some special work for us in other directions. We anticipate a season of very great triumphs for

Ristori. Her playing among the greatest artists the world has known is beyond question."

"What about La Chouette?"

"We are in every way satisfied with its production in Philadelphia last week. The dramatic situations are strong, and we have mounted the play magnificently. The Philadelphia critics agree that Mrs. Bowers has found in this play a great opportunity. Laura Don's engagement as Pompon was limited. Viola Allen, who was so highly praised as McCullough's leading lady, will replace her when the play goes on the road at Albany next week. La Chouette is now in its second week in Philadelphia, and is drawing finely. When the business continues to increase every night, that is the best possible indication that the public want to see your attraction, and it is so with the new play."

"What other ventures do you contemplate?"

"We shall produce a strong play which Herman and Wills are writing for us. The first three acts were received from London last week. The title is not yet definitely selected. Lillian Russell is under engagement and may play with us later in the season, and we have other things in view that it would be premature to announce. Robson and Crane play under our management next season in Comedy of Errors. We shall make it the greatest revival of Shakespearean comedy ever seen in this country."

"You still retain the agency feature?"

"Yes, and it has assumed very large proportions. We have secured engagements for a great number of people, and are booking attractions for many out-of-town theatres. We have a system of our own, with special advantages for this branch of the business."

Exit Sitting Bull.

Manager W. W. Kelly announces that his late "star", Sitting Bull, has retired from the stage to his Reservation by reason of orders from the Government. He started West on Monday morning in company with the other big injuns. The engagement at the Eden Musee netted over \$1,000; Philadelphia about paid expenses, and Brooklyn was a slight loss. Colonel Allen, who had the proposed tour in hand, had given Kelly a guarantee of \$10,000, and when the show was so abruptly closed he compromised in a very satisfactory manner.

Mr. Kelly says: "My next venture will be the management of a young lady actress whose only misfortune is that she was born an American. She possesses more than ordinary ability. I will open my season Nov. 24. I have a little outside scheme which I will produce at the Eden Musee next week."

McCaull Fined.

The Court of Special Sessions was filled yesterday by a crowd of theatrical people and other celebrities, attracted there by the announcement of the trial of the case of Rudolph Aronson against John A. McCaull for an assault committed by the latter on the fifth of July last. Mr. Aronson was early on hand, accompanied by his brother Edward and a retinue of friends, and his interests were championed by the affable Abe Hummel. Colonel McCaull and his secretary, McBride, led the array of the opposition, and their legal interests were protected by General Horatio C. King, of Governor Cleveland's staff, and ex-Judge Dittenhoefer.

When the case was called and McCaull placed at the bar, he interposed a plea of "Guilty" to the assault, and General King stated that the plea was entered because McCaull was guilty of a technical assault, but had no intent to injure Mr. Aronson.

Mr. Hummel said that before pronouncing sentence it was due to Mr. Aronson that the Court should know that all that he desired was a vindication. From the time of the perpetration of the assault—an assault which was entirely unprovoked—Mr. McCaull had denied its perpetration, and the present plea of "Guilty" accordingly accomplished all that Mr. Aronson sought—a vindication. Instead of being vindictive, Mr. Aronson was now disposed to be merciful, and asked that no higher fine than one of \$25 should be imposed.

The Court acquiesced in his suggestion and inflicted a fine of \$25, which McCaull at once paid, and the parties to the litigation and their friends left the court-room.

A Case of Abused Confidence.

"I made arrangements with Captain Charles W. Williams, of Richmond, Va., to conduct a theatrical tour throughout the South and play for the benefit of the Confederate Veterans Home, of which he is President," said William Harris to a *Mirror* reporter. "They are endeavoring to raise funds to put up buildings, and I agreed with them to pay toward this undertaking one half of the amount realized from the sale of tickets by them. My enterprise was endorsed by the old Confederate chieftains, and the Board of Visitors of the Home not only accepted my offer, but pledged themselves to aid me in the movement. Everything looked most favorable in spite of the hard times and the paralysis consequent upon a Presidential canvass. I determined to give the scheme a trial, and organized a first-rate dramatic company; had special printing without stint; one large stand with a life-size equestrian picture of General Lee, and plenty of them. But the people of Richmond did not enthrone over the idea; in fact, they only bought

about 150 of the special tickets during the week, and the largest house contained only one of those tickets.

"We opened to less than \$250. I saw at once that if the people themselves did not care anything for their Soldiers' Home, it was useless for us to go further, so we paid our bills, cancelled our dates and returned in good order—not a Massachusetts stampede. It would require a company of cavalry to drive an audience into a theatre in Richmond, and I have paid \$4000 for that experience."

"I will take Glenn's version of *Called Back* on the road the week after election with a first-class company; but I will not play for the benefit of Confederate veterans."

Mr. Buchanan's "Originality."

There is an air of freshness prevailing the ordinary New York manager which must be particularly delightful to a gentleman like Mr. Robert Buchanan, who comes over here with a grip-sack stuffed with notoriety and old plays. In blinding innocence the manager accepts the one as reputation and the other as original productions, and part with his dollars as freely as though they were worth only fifty instead of eighty cents. Mr. Buchanan can seize an occasion and float to glory on it about as readily as any one in this city, but when he accepts the two prevalent impressions among his fellow-countrymen that all the residents of New York are fools, he makes a slight mistake, and runs a serious risk of being "left." Mr. Buchanan may be able to write an original play or two a week, merely as a matter of amusement, but if he has been in the habit of doing so he must keep them in the Safe Deposit vaults or in some equally secure spot, as up to present writing no one has ever seen them. He has been honoring the managers with calls, and taking orders for plays with a freedom that struck terror to the heart of the ordinary, every-day American dramatist; but his occupation in this fertile field is about gone and the spirit is enervated.

Mr. Buchanan made an agreement with the Union Square management to write them a new and original play, and at once set to work and ground it out. When the piece was delivered it was discovered to be an adaptation of a German play called *Good Luck*, which had been adapted some years since by Julian Magnus when he was at Wallack's. Mr. Wallack himself assisted in putting it in shape, but owing to the death of Mr. Montague it was not produced. Mr. Collier did not accept the play, and now Mr. Buchanan and he never speak as they pass by. This is all very sad, but worse is to come, for Wallack's new play (*?*), *The Duchess* Boudoir, to which the *Times* last Sunday devoted a column, is alleged to be an adaptation of *La Duchesse de Montmajour*, written about thirty-three years ago by Leon Laya, and could probably have been purchased, in much better form and for infinitely less money, by Mr. Wallack from A. M. Palmer, who has, or had, an admirable adaptation, entitled *Lady Betty*, which was made by the talented Foulsham, and which he obtained some years ago from a gentleman named Ballantyne. But the piece has already been seen in this city, as Sardou stole his *Maison Neuve* from it, and Mr. Daly presented an adaptation of Sardou's work, which, by the way, did not prove a success.

The attaches of the Madison Square are amused over a little plot which is being hatched within the walls of the theatre. It is alleged that Mr. Buchanan has been endeavoring for some time to foist upon the Messrs. Mallory and other managers, his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, as an actress. Miss Jay has considerable reputation in England as an authoress. Having read one of Mr. Buchanan's plays, the Mallorys decided that it was unsuitable. He then proposed that Miss Jay should appear at a matinee in some well-known play, and thus be able to display her talent. Lady Clancarty was selected as a suitable piece, and some people were asked to offer their services. Of all those invited, W. J. Lemoine was the only one who had the courage to refuse. Eben Plympton will play the leading role, as Herbert Kelcey is engaged to appear in Buchanan's play at Wallack's, *Adeline Stanhope*, Thomas Whiffen, Mrs. Whiffen, George Paxton and others, have agreed to appear, and rehearsals are now in progress daily under Buchanan's supervision.

The matinee will take place in about two weeks. The receipts will be handed over to the Actors' Fund.

Mr. Carleton and Mr. Plympton.

There is very little substance to the reports that Henry Guy Carleton, editor of *Life* and author of several plays, and Mr. Eben Plympton have quarrelled concerning the former's piece, *Gustave Dupre*. But a garbled story of their negotiations has appeared without the sanction of either party. To get an unvarnished statement of the simple facts of the case, a *Mirror* reporter interviewed Mr. Carleton yesterday.

"There is no trouble whatever between Mr. Plympton and myself," said he. "About six weeks ago he called at my house and had The Lion's Mouth, a blank-verse play now in the hands of Mr. Irving, and then two acts of *Gustave Dupre*, which was not yet completed. He offered to purchase the refusal of this and I declined, but promised I would let him read it when finished, and, if he could secure a strong company and backing, would then consider his offer. About three weeks ago I read

the play to Mr. Plympton, and at his request let a copy to his hands to read to a manager, telling him, however, that if he desired to negotiate for it he must do it quickly, as I had other arrangements pending. A week later I received a liberal offer from a prominent New York manager, through Samuel French and Son, and simultaneously Mr. Edgar Bruce, of the Prince's Theatre, secured the British right. Mr. Plympton was made aware of these negotiations by me, and stated that he would do his utmost to get a manager to back him personally in the play. Two days later Mr. Lester Wallack read the play, and through Samuel French secured the American right. The matter then ended. My relations with Mr. Plympton have always been cordial, and had he been able to secure the play it would have pleased me to entrust the title role to his hands. I told him of all the negotiations as they came about, and he knew as well as I that I could not and would not delay. Had I wished to give Mr. Plympton the refusal of the play I should have accepted his money-offer six weeks ago. The rumor that Mr. Plympton has a copy of the play in his possession, and declines to surrender it, is false. Mr. Plympton sent back the copy yesterday, and it is in Mr. French's safe."

"Have you any other plays in hand?" asked the reporter.

"Yes; two. One, an American comedy, which I hope to finish in a fortnight. The other is an emotional drama, with the scene laid in New York."

"How about *Memnon* and *The Lion's Mouth*?"

"*Memnon* is in the hands of George Riddle. I have materially altered the tragedy, and Mr. Riddle will produce it as soon as he can arrange for its suitable production. *The Lion's Mouth*, just finished, has been sent to Mr. Irving."

Professional Delays.

—Edward Hargrave will run *Investigation* two hundred nights, if possible.

—Laura Bellini has made a great success with the *Emma Abbott* company.

—R. J. Culler has been engaged for some time making preparations for *Faust*.

—R. E. Graham is working hard on the revision of his new play, *Brother Max*.

—Trouble is the name of a social comedy from the pen of a local newspaper man.

—Julian Reed, a brother of Roland, is a member of the Barr Oak combination.

—W. W. Ford and his wife (Maudie Taylor) have joined Jacques Kruger in *Dreams*.

—During the season *The Beggar Student* will be played at the Grand Opera House.

—During the past week there have been ten applications for relief to the Actors' Fund.

—George R. Chipman will attend to the box-office at the Metropolitan Opera House.

—Carrie Godfrey has introduced "Le Poth Bleu" in Adams. This grade is popular here.

—W. D. Maule has opened the Metropolitan Musical Agency at No. 15, East Fourteenth street.

—R. E. Graham is in no way discouraged by his unsuccessful starting tour in *Wanted—A Partner*. He will start out again after the elections.

—Alonso has purchased a play by Marlon de Lamer, called *Minchen Identity*. He is the author of several songs which the stage in Manhattan.

—Gustave Aschberg will present at the Theatre several of the German operas which Dr. Barnum intends producing at the Metropolitan Opera House.

—In last week's *Mirror* the article on "The Japanese Theatre," through an oversight, was not credited to its source—the *London Theatre*.

—Signor De Novellis will remain at the Casino, it is now arranged, for the entire season. He has worked very hard with the Noll Gwynne company.

—Fred Englehardt will shortly undertake the management of *Lulu Hunt*, in place of Fred Stinson. Curiosity over the young woman is subsiding.

—Ben Baker, the assistant secretary of the Actors' Fund, has been the target of several unbecomingly bad attempts to victimize him have thus far failed.

—Manager Goodrich has arrived in advance of the Leopolds, a well-known family of the Hamilton order. They have Liverpool by the *Britannic* on Nov. 4.

—The house has been all sold for the first night of *Ivanoff* at Rotherham. The same is not the play, but the author, Mr. Wright, who is a native of that city.

—On Monday night scenic artist Hughes of the Star Theatre had his leg broken by the falling of a heavy piece of scenery. He lies at the New York Hospital in a precarious condition.

—A. E. Sumner has taken out a concert company comprising Alice C. Dasher, Jay F. Rich, Colonel George Dunsmuir, Arthur Van Boile and others. They shortly give an entertainment in Brooklyn.

—J. B. Conyers, for two seasons the Judge in *Kit*, has left Romany Rye B company. The company presented him with a handsome ring and an address. His discharge was to reduce salaries.

—W. A. Mestayer's company will not close for a pre-election rest. We, U. & Co., will continue its tour, appearing in New York in the mid-season. The company is doing as well as the average.

—Harriet Jay, the English authoress and actress, will shortly appear at the Madison Square Theatre in a new play by Robert Buchanan. She will also act at matinees in Lady Clancarty.

—Some time ago George L. Stout and Fred Williams wrote a play for Maggie Mitchell, which she will shortly produce, called *Midget*; or, *The Crimson Scarf*. It was copyrighted and advertised. When Miss Mitchell publicly announced it, one Kaufmann turned up and claimed it. Another "author" then claims *The Crimson Scarf*. So the play has been rechristened *The Midget's Crimson Scarf*.

—Kate Datto will play the title role in *Fortunio*. She appeared for some time in *La Vie au Village* at the Bijou Opera House. Forty-five people will be employed at the Fifth Avenue in the Hamilton production.

—Henry Miller's *American Dramatic Dictionary* is all the press. It is a handy volume for all departments of the profession and contains more or less dependent drama. Its price is one dollar.

—Henry Sanderson is highly pleased with the success of *Tony Foster's* season, which he says is the best he has ever had. Each evening means but one over the same, and the next will be no exception.

—Another German actress will appear at the New Park Theatre this afternoon in a play of her own. She is Anna Louisa, and will be supported by Nelson Whelan, Katherine Rogers, Virginia Matthews and others.

—Manager Caffery is making great efforts to make *Fanny Brantley's* forthcoming season even more profitable than that of last season at his theatre. The stage arrangements will be fine and the accessories more costly.

—T. Henry French informed a *Mirror* reporter yesterday that the receipts of *The Prince's Theatre* at the Madison Square on Monday night were \$200. It was the last Monday night since the play was produced.

—W. A. Thompson has secured a Pullman Palace car for his company. The manager will contribute a small sum weekly for the convenience. C. W. Fyfe has contributed a large number of his dues to the new company.

—At Clarendon Hall, on Thursday last, Walter Whitelock, the boy actor, gave a private exhibition and recited a poem from *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. He is bright and clever, but his physique is not without enough.

—Richard W. Williams, an old-time newspaper man, died on Saturday last, and was buried at Evergreen Cemetery on Monday by the Actors' Fund. He had been at the Brooklyn Park Theatre for some time prior to his death.

—Individual members of the British Shakespeare company are playing engagements in various variety theatres while the company is making *Frank Egerton*, the adaptation, which comprises them, and several others will probably write here.

—Frank Lester obtained a release from *Pinus's* *Arch Abaddon*, for the reason that the part in which he was cast was considered too low, and arranged the piece formerly that by Mr. Edmund in the Jewish company. His wife remains with Mr. Price.

—Henry Williams and Robert Butler have signed to support *Minchen Identity*, *Salome*, and *Caprice* under Howard P. Taylor's direction are being held daily. It is probable that Charles Frohman will not share the management, as was arranged.

—Dugan and Son, which is now in active rehearsal at the Union Square, is an adaptation by A. R. Conner of D'Annunzio's play of the same name. The theme goes to show what a weak barrier is now made against audacious and unscrupulous.

—Joseph Harwood writes that he has great hopes of Robert Emmet, which will be produced by the Dramatic company on Nov. 5. *Dion* will play *Michael Dwyer*. Harwood gave her on the bill, and next week will be starred with Dot and Miss Barnard.

—General Burton thinks that Captain and Kayleigh is one of the best paying attractions on the road—which is not saying much just at this time. Many of the great producers from the theatre are doing very well. *Wallack* and *Brown* have reaped out a good crop.

—Alexander Carmack, recently from Europe, has undertaken the management of *Minchen Identity* and *Pinus's* *Arch Abaddon* on tour in the South. The report that this company is in General Carmack is indignantly denied by the numerous people in interest.

—A complimentary benefit has been arranged at the Bijou for Dorothy and Katharine. It will take place on Sunday, Nov. 7. Several city managers will act as patrons. *Tony Foster* will be the doorman; Bob Miles, doorman, and General Burton, distributor of programmes.

—The new Brighton (Mass.) Opera House was opened last Friday night under most flattering auspices. The *Princess* made up *The Bohemian Girl* to a fashionable and large house. The receipts on the second night, when *The Maitresse* was sung, fell but twenty per cent.

—Helen Blythe opened at a Sunday matinee at Herby's Theatre, Cincinnati, assuming the part of *Cora in The Gretna*. It was a standing-room-only house, and Mr. Clayburgh telegraphed, in ecstasy, that "the wildest enthusiasm prevailed."

—The Villars are doing very well in Canada, where they will remain till after the elections. On Oct. 30 they opened a new theatre in Montreal and did a large business during the week. This week the company are in Ottawa; next week they open in Toronto.

—H. Price Webster and his Boston Comedy company are playing a brisk season in Prince Edward's hall, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. While in Charlestown Mr. and Mrs. Lieutenant Governor Randolph twice honored the performers with their presence. Mr. Webster writes that, remote from election, he is doing a fine business.

—Hyde and Belman state that they served no dispositive papers on Stevens and Taylor at the Park Theatre and that Stevens telegraphed them surrendering the lease when the rent fell due. Howard Taylor shows a letter similar to one received by Stevens in which Hyde and Belman notified him that he would be dispossessed unless the rent was paid.

—The second edition of Mr. Havlin's *Wonderful Book* places the names of Louise Balle and G. H. Leonard more in the *At Liberty* column. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard were engaged to open in *La Chouette* in Philadelphia, but the latter made such a bit on the first production of the book in Cincinnati that she decided to try a revival edition. There being no demand for the book in Louisville, it was at once shelved.

—W. H. Brown, who last year looked after the interests of Robson and Crane, in this season managing *Ruth's Devotion*. The company is at Mount Morris this week, and will play at the People's next. Robson has not been particularly brisk nor encouraging, but the Union Square reports that all their companies have been holding their own against politics. Storm-driven week to week in Philadelphia last week. French Park was the best house of the season on Saturday evening.

(Continued from front page)

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

The National Capital.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)

Washington, Oct. 29.—Alms opened at the National to a good house on Monday night. The audience was captivated by the picturesque costumes and the fun of Manilla. At Paula, Leonard drew a fine audience, and the audience for the week is cheerful. The season has so far been "rough on managers." Not a single attraction has done half the business that might have been expected.

Nothing New at the Hub.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)

Boston, Oct. 29.—Henry Irving opened his second week with another presentation of The Merchant of Venice to a large and enthusiastic house, which called both him and Ellen Terry before the curtain several times. Lieutenant Geely and his wife, with a party of friends, occupied a box. Last night, Mark Abbot Abbot Nothing; Saturday, Lyons Mall.

Zedda at the Boston, Pop at the Bijou, May Blossom at the Park—all repeated. The Bostonian troupe gave the only new performance in town. Variety at the Haymarket, Keno and a carnival at Austin and Sons's Dixie Museum.

Rose Stewart, the German Quartette and Leopold Lichtenberg at Tremont Temple. Good house and great success.

Miscellaneous.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)

Buffalo, Oct. 29.—Although there are other persons running for Congress, John T. Raymond held his own Monday night. The Academy of Music was nearly full. At the Adelphi Harry Richmond's company drew a fair house. My letter stated that Mrs. Theo was at the Court Street Theatre, Monday night. It should have read Wednesday, when she will appear. A good audience sale predicts a large house. The Court Street House was very Monday and Tuesday.

Rochester, Oct. 29.—Storn-Renton at the Academy proves to be an attraction that will draw good houses entire week. Scenery is unusually fine and company strong. Hazel Kike at the Grand opened to fine house, 27th. Mr. Coulbuck was warmly received and respectfully received. Annie Russell gave a splendid bit of work in the character of Hazel.

A Forgotten Critic.

No one will pretend that the name of Edgar Allan Poe has been permitted to rust, and that he is a forgotten man of genius. On the contrary, we are never tired of talking and writing about him, and the actors of this country may still remember that they have done something toward paying for a Poe memorial. The shade of Poe is without doubt grateful to them.

As I write, two new and magnificent editions of Poe's works are offered to readers—one published in New York by Armstrong and Son, and the other imported from London by Scribner and Welford. Another biography of the poet will be issued within a few weeks by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Poe, then, is less than ever forgotten. And yet I venture to call him a "forgotten critic."

I mean that there were two natures in this man—the poetic, or creative, nature and the critical nature. The brilliant verse and the fascinating tales of Poe are known to everyone; they have survived all changes of taste and all vagaries of opinion. But who to-day reads Poe's criticism? It is certainly a fact, nevertheless, that this criticism is worth reading. When it is not overweighed with prejudice or bitter feeling, it is sound, vigorous and intellectual. Poe knew as well as any other trained critic how to hit a nail squarely on the head. He was a man to be feared in his generation. He was intensely courageous and honest. There was no reputation high enough to daunt him. He had a subtle, analytical mind, and the ability to express thought lucidly and thoroughly. It is evident, therefore, that, as a critic, he ought to command an attention which he fails to receive.

It is not merely as a critic of books that Poe distinguished himself. He was an exceptionally competent critic of the drama. That statement will astonish many persons. But it is hardly exaggerated. Those who want to know how good a dramatic critic Poe was should read a lively article by him entitled "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Willis and the Drama." The manner in which he ridiculed the pretensions of his two eminent contemporaries is delightful. It is the manner of a writer who, assured that he has an important task to go through with, goes through with it candidly, completely, without any squirms of conscience or conventional timidity. It would be happy for the stage if there were living and writing now half a dozen men as sagacious and fearless as Poe.

He lived in a house where scores of weak playwrights were working in their blind way for the stage, when absurdly melodramatic tragedies and extravagant melodramas—with very few exceptions—made up the "American drama." We laugh at those dull tragedies now, and their crazy intrigues are not regarded seriously. But have we gone, after all, far ahead of our ante-bellum dramatists? They set reason by the ears, and can it be said truthfully that we do not set reason by the ears? It seems to me that Poe's criticism on Willis and Longfellow has not by any means lost its special interest.

Perhaps you fancy that Poe was one of those over-praised, abstract, metaphysical critics who seem to wander in the vague empire of their own involved ideas. You have heard of him as a vividly imaginative man, and you may be unable to conceive such a man at the practical business of literary directions. As matter of fact, however, Poe's dramatic criticism was full of common sense, and it laid as much stress on probability as Emily Zola's.

Poe cherished a theory—more or less fantastic—that the drama had not declined. Here is what he wrote on that popular subject: "Sculptors, painters, dramatists, are, from the very nature of their material—their spiritual material—imitators, conservators—prone to repeat in old feeling and in antique taste. For this reason—and for this reason only—the arts of sculpture, painting and the drama have not advanced—or have advanced feebly, and inversely in the ratio of their imitators. But it by no means follows that either has declined. All seem to have declined, because they have remained stationary, while the multitudinous other arts (of reason) have fitted so rapidly by them. In the same manner the traveler by railroad can imagine that the ties by the wayside are retrograding. The trees in this case are absolutely stationary—but the drama has not been altogether so, although its progress has been so slight as not to interfere with the general effect, that of seeming retrogradation or decline. This seeming retrogradation, however, is to all practical intents an absolute one. Whether the drama has declined, or whether it has merely remained stationary, is a point of no importance, so far as it concerns the public enjoyment of the drama. It is unimportant in either case, because it does not deserve support." He adds further on: "At present what is it we do? We are content, if, with feeling and taste, a dramatist does as other dramatists have done. The most successful of the more immediately modern playwrights has been Sheridan Knowles, and to play Sheridan Knowles seems to be the highest ambition of our writers for the stage. Now, the author of The Hunchback possesses what we are weak enough to term the 'true dramatic feeling,' and this true dramatic feeling he has manifested in the most preposterous series of the Elizabethan drama by which even mankind was insulted or beguiled." Poe was first in saying that Knowles and those like Knowles adhered strictly to the old plots, characters, stage conventionalities, and to the obsolete phraseologies of the Elizabethan period. Here is some excellent counsel to one who is anxious to write a play: "The first thing necessary is to burn or bury the 'old models,' and to forget, as quickly as possible, that ever a play has been penned. The second thing is to consider *de novo* what are the capabilities of the drama—not merely what hitherto have been its conventional purposes. The third and last point has reference to the composition of a play (showing to the fullest extent their capabilities) conceived and constructed with feeling and with taste, but with feeling and taste guided and controlled in every particular by the details of reason—of common sense—in a word, of natural art." If certain clever Americans who are now writing for the stage could be induced to act on the hint contained in that wise passage, they might win a kind of distinction which is still out of their reach. But it is too much to ask them to do this. An American dramatist must stick to safe and ancient plans; he must do what others have done or are doing. This is essentially patriotic. Our poets and novelists and painters try to be original; our playwrights try to be stupidly commonplace.

Poe's discussion of incidents and plots and intrigues is as good as anything of the sort I have read. I can only quote sentences here and there from what he says: "Touching this matter of intrigue, if, from its superabundance, we are compelled, even in the quiet and critical perusal of a play, to pause frequently and reflect long—to re-read passages over and over again, for the purpose of gathering their bearing upon the whole—of maintaining in our mind a general connection—what but fatigue can result from the exertion?" As to the representation of such a play, that is more depressing than the perusal of it. Poe goes on: "Good drama have been written with very little plot—capital dramas might be written with none at all. Some plays of high merit, having plot, abound in irrelevant incident—in incident, we mean, which could be dispensed or removed altogether without effect upon the plot itself, and yet are by no means objectionable as dramas; and for this reason—that the incidents are evidently irrelevant—obviously epiphenomenal. * * * A mere succession of incidents, even the most spirited, will no more contribute to a plot than a multiplication of zeros, even the most infinite, will result in the production of merit. This all will admit—but few trouble themselves to think further. The common notion seems to be in favor of mere complexity; but a plot, properly understood, is perfect only inasmuch as we shall find ourselves unable to detract from it or disarrange any single incident without destruction to the mass."

How apt these words are even now! We see plays week after week which, judged by a student like Poe, are discursive, unreasonable and plotless. The Artist's Daughter, for example, is not an extreme case of feeble and incoherent construction. Plays that are quite as strange as Mr. Barnes' work acquire a certain popular stability, and critics are found who praise them with hysterical rhetoric.

In choosing plays by Willis and Longfellow on which to build his dramatic criticism, Poe struck at big game. Willis was a writer of talent and influence, and Longfellow was at the head of American letters. Both were ambitious—as many unfortunate authors, including Mr. Tenneyson, are—to shine before the world as writers of plays. Poe, though a literary man himself to the heart, measured their pretensions with singular accuracy. His analyses of Tortosa, the Unweaver, by Willis, and of The Spanish Student, by Longfellow, are remarkably keen and interesting examples of dramatic criticism.

In the first place he gives a synopsis of each play. I should like to quote his synopsis. They are models for writers on the daily newspapers. But I must take it for granted that the reader is tolerably familiar with Tortosa and The Spanish Student and quote simply from Poe's masterly criticism. He destroys one character in Tortosa with ease: "Zippa, a lady altogether without character (dramatic), is the most pernicious of all conceivable contrivances of plans never to be matured—of vast designs that terminate in nothing—a calculated machination. She plots in one page and consummates in the next. She schemes her way from P. S. to O. P., and intrigues perseveringly from the footlights to the slips. A very singular instance of the inconsequence of her manoeuvres is found toward the conclusion of the play. The whole of the second scene (occupying five pages), in the fifth act, is obviously introduced for the purpose of giving her information, through Tomasso's means, of Angelo's arrest for the murder of Isabella. Upon learning his danger she rushes from the stage, to be present at the trial, exclaiming that her evidence can save his life. We, the audience, of course, applaud, and now look with interest to her movements in the scene of the judgment hall. She, Zippa, we think, is somebody after all; she will be the means of Angelo's salvation; she will thus be the chief unraveller of the plot. All eyes are bent, therefore, upon Zippa—but, alas! upon the point at issue Zippa does not so much as open her mouth. It is scarcely too much to say that not a single action of this impertinent little busybody has any real influence upon the play; yet she appears upon every occasion—appearing only to perplex."

The Spanish Student is a more celebrated work than Tortosa. When it was published, many years ago, it was praised enthusiastically. Poe was the first critic who wrote facts about it, who admitted that this drama, written by a popular and renowned American poet, is a feeble, conventional and impossible play. He aimed home at the start. He denied that Longfellow had shown the least originality in The Spanish Student. As to the question of originality, he presented three grounds for it: "There is, first, the originality of the general thesis, namely, that of the several incidents, or thoughts, by which the thesis is developed; and, thirdly, that of manner, or tone, by which means an old subject, even when developed through hackneyed incidents or thoughts, may be made to produce a fully original effect; which, after all, is the end truly in view." Poe was tolerably certain that The Spanish Student is not original in either sense. His criticism was almost bitterly pungent: "Mr. Longfellow's play abounds in events and conversations that have no ostensible purpose and answer no end. * * * The author's deficiency of skill is especially evident in the scene of the reconciliation between Victor and Preciosa. * * * The plot has nothing of construction about it. Indeed, there is scarcely a single incident which has any necessary dependence upon any other. * * * On the originality of the thesis we have already spoken, and, now, to the originality of the events by which the thesis is developed we need do little more than allude. * * * We are not too sure that a 'dramatic poem' is not a flat contradiction in terms. At all events a man of true genius (and such Mr. L. unquestionably is) has no business with these hybrid and paradoxical compositions. Let a poem be a poem only; let a play be a play and nothing more."

Is not that practical criticism? GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

Professional Dongs.

—F. A. Sandford has left Ford's Opera company. He had a disagreement with Ford.

—Arthur W. Tams is home from his Bluebeard tour. He is still under contract to Miles and Barton.

—This is the last week but one of The Seven Ravens at Niblo's. It goes on the New England circuit.

—John J. Williams is playing the irrepressible juvenile with one of Atkinson's Bad Boy companies.

—A number of people who were with Barnum during the past season left for Europe yesterday.

—The Committee of the Actor's Fund will meet to-day to make arrangements for the Annual Benefit.

—Harry Dixey has introduced "Not Much" into Adonis. Even the "banjo soloists" have taken it up.

—It is rumored that Gallagher, Gilmore and Gardner of Devil's Auction fame, had taken Janish in hand.

—D. H. Harkins will open at the Third Avenue Theatre on Nov. 24 in a round of legitimate plays.

—Frederick Sackett is with the Her Altonement company, and doing excellent work in a prominent role.

—Eddie Willis, now playing the Maid in French Flats, will remain with the Union Square company, although in receipt of good offers from other quarters.

—A new drop-curtain by Henry E. Hoyt was unveiled for the first time on Saturday at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. It represents handsome hanging drapery.

—The attendance at the Buffalo Bill Wild West show in Cincinnati during the past week was so satisfactory that the party will prolong its stay until Nov. 2.

—The Thompson Opera company will take an active part in the Elks' benefit on Nov. 20, and give the second act of The Beggar Student with full chorus and orchestra.

—William Henry Wallace's new comedian, has been cast for a leading part in Buchanan's new play. His acting is regarded as one of the best features of Miss's First.

—On Saturday night Manager Dull notified his opera company that he would close the season for three weeks. With few exceptions the company will remain intact.

—Edward Morris' policeman in Skipped has proved to be one of the best things in the piece. Harrison and Gourlay are engaged in writing another play of the same order.

—Dr. L. A. Quinlan of Cincinnati, physician to the Police, Fire and other departments there, has offered his services to the Actor's Fund, and they have been gratefully accepted.

—On Nov. 13 W. F. Morse will introduce several European readers and lecturers at Chichester Hall where a course of entertainments will extend through the winter.

—A despatch to THE MIRROR states that the production of The Child of the State at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday, Nov. 20, Scrimmon, Forrest and Davenport and Miss Claxton were especially successful.

—Some idea may be had of the number of children employed on the stage when it is known that twenty-seven are playing in The Seven Ravens, thirty-one in Stiba, seven in The Secretary, eight in May Blossom, and twenty-two in other companies. Mrs. Fernandez selected nearly all of them.

—Levanoff is being rehearsed every day at the Bijou Opera House and at night at the Comedy. The leading people are delighted with their parts and think the piece will make a hit. A number of theatrical men purpose going to Rochester, to be present at the opening. S. N. Nye, the advance, is now in Rochester.

—The Monte Cristo company is taking a rest this week, and will then return to the road. The company will be in New York Nov. 17 for two weeks and in Brooklyn Dec. 1. The company will go to London next summer. Negotiations are now pending for a house in that city. The matter is in the hands of Arthur Le Clercq.

—The startling announcement is made that the author of "We Never Speak as We Pass By" is now in America. The gentleman in question, Mr. Frank Egerton, is from the London music-halls. He is a well-known song-writer, both comic and sentimental, and is rapidly making engagements to write verses and music for stagefolk in legitimate and variety walks.

Amateur Notes.

One of the most satisfactory entertainments ever given at the Lexington Avenue Opera House was the enactment of H. J. Byron's Old Soldiers on Monday evening. The affair was under the auspices of St. Monica's Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a benevolent institution devoted to the poor of the Metropolis. The hall was more than comfortably filled, and if the crowded auditorium be a criterion, the charity should have profited in a large amount.

Much credit is due to Colonel Dunsberry for the admirable manner in which he officiated as stage director. The company showed careful and intelligent drilling; the intermissions were brief and the situations effectively arranged. That amateurs can, by earnest, thoughtful effort, successfully reach even results was conclusively proven by the presentation of this delightful comedy. John Hatfield has improved since last year. He appears to more advantage in eccentric light comedy than in leading heroic roles. His methods are, however, still too pronounced, and he overacts. John Deery's conception of Captain McTavish was a worthy one, and R. S. Browne as Gordon Lockhart was natural and refined.

Colonel Dunsberry's Cassidy was capital conceived. He has but one or two equals on the dramatic stage. Eleanor Trafford, in a leading emotional role, again proved her versatility. She acted and contended with Mary Moss. Harriet Lawson, as Mrs. Major Moss, an eccentric woman of the world, invested the character with spirit and humor. She shows more than ordinary ability in this style of character. Conterno's orchestra discoursed pleasantly, and the costumes by Cole were in good taste. Old Soldiers was in all respects a success.

Sadie Hegeman, who made a success as the Gypsy in A Midnight Marriage with Mrs. James Brown Potter and others, has been playing an unimportant role in Called Back at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Hegeman intends to adapt the dramatic profession permanently.

The Dramatic Committee of the Gilbert has finally decided to produce a version of Le Maître de Forges, entitled The Ironmaster. The cast is as follows: Claire, Alice C. Ferris; Athenais, Miss Neffin; Marquise, Hattie F. Neffin; Sophie, Hattie Lining; Suzanne, Sara Hicks; Brigitte, Miss Raymonds; Derblay, H. J. Stokum; Gaston, Douglas Montgomery; Mouniet, John W. Noble; Bachelin, G. W. Summitt; De Beaulieu, Adam Dove; Prefont, G. W. Gogan; De Savan, James Heard; Depontar, G. W. White; Footman, W. F. Welles. School will be given on Dec. 3, in which R. C. Hilliard will make his entrance as Jack Poyntz.

The Rivals will give their second performance this season at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Dec. 3. This society appears to have energy and ambition and may come to the front rank in the future.

The Amateur League plays for the benefit of the Charity Hope of Fund Lodge on Nov. 27. The League gives more frequent entertainments than any of the societies.

On Nov. 7 the Arlington League do The Pirates of Penzance at the Opera House.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music has only two vacant dates remaining in November and December. A paying and well-conducted institution.

What has become of the Minstrel? This society was credited with doing brilliant work last winter.

Nellie Vale Nelson will not appear in theatricals this season.

Miss Nellie, daughter of Mrs. H. F. Nelson, will debut with The Gilbert in The Ironmaster.

The Amaranth produces Rose Michel at the Brooklyn Academy Nov. 21. Members, Charles Heckman, Dalrymple, Vernon, Conelle, Wil. Lums, Hoag, Horne and the Misses Brandon, Healy, Avery and House will be in the cast.

H. H. Gardner will benefit at the Athenaeum, Brooklyn, Nov. 25. Many have volunteered, and an attractive programme is being arranged.

George W. Summitt, of the Gilbert, will take a company to Middletown, N. Y., next month. A Widow Hunt will be the attraction, with Mrs. Ferris and others in the bill.

The amateur notes in THE MIRROR are regularly and industriously copied in other journals without credit.

On Nov. 6 the Bulwer Society will present Among the Breakers at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. The cast will be composed of the Misses Frohlicher, Betlaw and Menns, Montgomery, Eller and others.

The event of the dramatic season in San Francisco will be the appearance of Miss Viola Stays. Miss Stays is a grand daughter of Gen. Kilpatrick.

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